

He Doesn't Know

by Villanelle

Category: Fushigi Yuugi

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-11 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-11 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:01:42

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,037

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: An angsty yaoi fic on Tasuki and Chichiri. Tasuki speaks on his feelings for Chichiri, only to himself.

He Doesn't Know

>I'm so bored the whole weekend here so I thought of writing my first Tasuki
and Chichiri fic. Please let me know what you think. I didn't edit this, but

>this is my first fic, so please be kind! This fic is written from Tasuki's
perspective. Its not lemon (I'll leave that to those who can write one) but

>its sorta angsty.

>-----

>He Doesn't Know

>I stared at him from afar. He is sitting Indian-like on the tall rock,
fishing who-knows-what. A gentle breeze softly caressed his blue tresses,

>sweeping his kesa upward smoothly, almost like a rowboat's sail. He sat
there quietly, one would not know if he is really fishing or just probably

>thinking, for his mask holds an unreadable and pretentious grin.

>I continue to stare at him. I've been doing this for days. Weeks, actually.
Its been my everyday tirade to sit here by the tree (which has the best view

>of that rock he always sits on, by the way) and stare at him till the day
ends. I stare at him till I feel someone's voice from afar lightly calling

>me for dinner. I stare at him till my legs fall asleep for staying in one
position for so long.

>
I always stare at him. My eyes make love to every inch of his body. I could

>stare at him forever.

>But he doesn't know.

>Later, I sat down to dinner. I slightly avoided him for he enjoys

sitting
next to me for some weird reason. I hastily took the seat between Chiriko
>and Mitsukake. I doubt those two could digress me from my thoughts.
I
avoided the confused look he has on his face and concentrated on my food.
>Hotohori called us all in a sort-of silent prayer, and I watched him,
relieved, as he sat down next to the emperor, the side Nuriko doesn't take.
>Everyone begins to eat, except for me. I continue to stare into space, my
thoughts full of him. I must have looked so ridiculous, my eyes locked into
nothing but air. I felt an elbow jab me. Mitsukake was saying something to
me, but I was unaware because HE suddenly spoke. My ears suddenly perked up
>and all I could hear was him.
>"Tasuki no da! Why don't you eat now no da! We have to travel tomorrow no
da!"
>
I almost smiled. Him and his silly yet cute no das. I almost forgot my need
>to avoid him as much as possible. I stare down at the food at my plate, now
cold for not having been touched for so long. My mind is at a whirl, full of
>thoughts on him. I think about him every single minute, the moment I wake
up, and the second I fall asleep.
>
But he doesn't know.
>
I stood up suddenly, surprising everyone. "What's wrong, Tasuki?" Miaka
asked, worried.
>Wordlessly, I left the table. I have to get out of here, I thought wildly.
First I walked, then it broke into a full run. I ran and ran, until I got
>caught out of breath. I almost doubled over, panting for air. That was when
I felt a presence behind me. Even before I turned around, I knew it was him.
>But I wasn't expecting the sight that would behold me once I lay my eyes on
him.
>
I sucked an inward gasp. He was beautiful. He stood a few feet away from me,
>and the hall wasn't well-lighted, yet I could faintly make out the lines of
his body in the dark. Luckily the early evening moonlight suddenly decided
>to settle somewhere on top of him, as it blanketed his pale skin with light,
making his skin glisten with the color of ivory. His face was flushed and he
>was panting too, it seemed like he ran after me right after I hurried away
from the dining area.
>
But what enchanted me more was his face. Without the mask, he was the most
beautiful and most exquisite thing I have ever seen. He was like a jewel, so
rare, and so priceless. Like a child, so innocent and vulnerable. Yet he
>shines with wisdom and experience. One mahogany eye rested on mine, his
features swelled up in concern.
>
His voice pulled me out of my silent worship of his beauty and focused my
attention back to the real world. "Tasuki no da?"
>"Yeah?" my voice was hoarse, I could barely speak, I was too
enchanted, too
drawn.
>
"Are you all right, no da? You left us so suddenly, do have a problem? Would

>you like to talk about it no da?" Was it just me, or did I feel a tinge of worry in his voice? No, it can't be.

>
I cleared my throat. "I'm fine. I just don't feel hungry. Now why don't you

>go back to dinner with everyone? I'll be fine."

>He fidgeted. He looked like he wanted to say something, but if he won't say it now, I might not be able to stop myself any longer from walking over to

>him, cupping his soft pale cheek in my hands, running my fingers through his hair, and taking those soft, seemingly-pliant lips of his with my own.

>
He seemed hesitant. Good, let it stay that way. I turned and left him

>quickly as possible.

>Not turning back, I entered my room, and in one swift motion I stripped myself of my clothes and collapsed down the bed.

Somewhere, somehow, I could

>hear him, calling my name, asking me to come back. I ignored it, and with a
sigh, I prepared myself for another sleepless night full of thoughts of him,

>dreams of him, and then, another day staring at him.

>I felt a single tear roll down my cheek. I love him. Gods, I love him.

>But he doesn't know.

>
The End

>

>-Watoom!! I'm still quite unsure about this fic so please let me know what
you think. Like what I said before, this is my first fic, so please be kind!

>

> <p><p>

End
file.